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GOD'S WAYS BEST.

BY MRS. ANNIE E. THOMPSON.
God's ways are always best,
Through oftentimes they lead
Through gloomy wilderness,
Where feet may tire and bleed;
Neath scorching suns, and burning sky,
No cooling streams or palm-trees nigh;
By hunger oft, and thirst sore pressed;
And yet, God's ways are always best.

God's ways are always best;
If He but with us go,
No fear shall dare molest,
No care, or envious foe;
Clear streams shall flow from the hard rocks gush,
Sweet oases 'midst the hot sands blush;
Soft winds at eve shall soothe our rest;
And so God's ways are always best.

God's ways are always best;
Even through Death's dark sea,
Whose waters never rest,
Our path may sometime be;
His hand the rough waves shall divide,
Till we have reached the "Other Side,"
And safe within His sheltering breast;
And so, God's ways are always best.
Delaware, 1874.

THE SUMMER MONUMENT.

BY PRESIDENT F. H. NEWHALL, D. D.
I take the pen to see if my hand has lost its cunning. It seems presumptuous for a lame-nerved convalescent to step forward to exhort after Dr. Steele has pronounced the benediction, but I feel a strange impulse to break my long silence here in simple "application" of Dr. Steele's discourse. And, by the way, it will be something of a conundrum to your distant readers, why this, the most comprehensive and appropriate of all the published discourses yet called forth by this solemn event, was not spoken in Charles Sumner's city, instead of the village of Auburndale. But similar conundrums are propounded concerning the discourses of John Foster and Robert Hall, not to mention brighter lights than even they.

From a boy I have been to look upon Sumner as standing in a niche of our Massachusetts Pantheon, ranged along with the martyr Warren, the Puritan Winthrop, the Roman Adamsons, the mellifluous Everett, and (sed multo intervallo) the vast-souled Webster. And now I feel that I would prefer to write of him with my boyish admiration, reverence and pride. But as I have striven to move forward from this coffin into the future, and look back upon it through the perspective of generations, I see many things that at first I had not thought to see. I see the Spartan rather than the Christian virtues of greatness. Here is a soul that was stout as the anvil beneath the sledges of temptation and persecution, but cold as the anvil too—a soul that bore with the fortitude of a hero, not with the patience of a Christian. A soul of such granite fibre did sublime service in breasting the waves of this stormy era; but it was by the hardness of ethics, not the firmness of religion. O, could the sad solitary warrior have known Christ, had faith, and been happy! It was Christ that he needed, to keep his heart steady, sweet and strong. But his ideal of greatness was drawn from the pages of the stately and imperial Tacitus, rather than from the deep burning words of John, the loving and beloved. In all this, however, he but showed that he breathed the air of our modern Boston, kindred with those "reformers" out of whose veins the Puritan blood has dried, who bear no spiritual relationship to the men whose souls were steeped in prayer as they marched to Quebec and Bunker Hill. Their Jerusalem, or Mecca, is at Concord, and they have learned their theology from Parker, who virtually owned that his religious nature was never developed, or was extirpated; and most of them have learned their philosophy from moral emaciated John Stuart Mill. They have not yet discovered that Christ is more divine than Leonidas and Cato. But the Christian warriors of New England's heroic age

would have found no oxygen for their stalwart souls on the Concord Olympus. Daniel Webster lived a generation nearer to the cross that once stood on Beacon Hill.

Probably the statue of Sumner is to stand by the side of Webster's—Apollo by the side of Phidias Jove. But let it be marble—white, cold and crystalline. Leave the warm bronze to the "cloud-gathering Zeus," pointing to his quiver of thunderbolts; for Sumner always reminded us of the Vatican Apollo. The "shape and gesture proudly eminent," the broad deep chest, the symmetry and grace of every limb, the faultless if not fastidious finish from gauger to whistler, as we saw him on Faneuil Hall platform, striding before our pictured demigods there, how classic and statuesque it was! *Incessu patuit deus*: "his majestic port confessed the god." But more than all this was the haughty curl of the lip, which told that the arrow had sped, and that he saw the victim writhe while the "direful clangor of the silvery bow" still rung in the ear. But ah! how different the look, the stride of him in that same spot who once shook this land when he "bent his sable brows!" Is it wrong to make the comparison? Those twin statues will force it upon every soul, will stamp it into history. God made Webster to do the work which Sumner has done. He began that work well, but faltered in the path, and missed that crown of immortality.

I walked ten miles, when a boy, to see Webster lay the last stone on Bunker Hill, and more to see and hear him pile the periods, more enduring than those granite blocks. I feel now the thrill that then shot through my bones from his burning eye. No such divine thrill ever came to me from the chiseled sentences of Sumner. It seems to me audacious for blind admiration to make the comparison, for in style Sumner was but a sophomore to Webster. Sumner wades in his learning as if he were in his rhetoric. Sumner is cramped in his armor, and, strong as he is, never swings his blade with ease, while Webster swings that sword "which felled squadrons at once," with graceful might, with mightful grace. Sumner shoots fiery shafts, which, like those of his brother, Garrison, tease and tingle where they do not kill; but the bolts of Webster blast where they strike, so that there is nothing left to bury. While Sumner is simply moral, Webster is religious, for in the core of his heart he believed in God, although again and again he fell from that faith; but we nowhere find that Sumner believed at all, except as Brutus and Cato believed. But Webster had the moral insight of a Hebrew seer, though he by no means always walked in the light that he saw, but in the very crisis of his life stumbled among the dark mountains, and fell to rise no more.

As we saw him, after that, we cried, "If thou beest he; but O, how fallen!"

"As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams,
Darksom and yet shone
Above them all the archangel."

High Rock, Lynn, March 20, 1874.

JOHN STUART MILL.

BY PROF. C. T. WINCHESTER.
The Autobiography of John Stuart Mill must be accounted one of the most valuable books of its class in our language. Autobiography, when honestly written, is the best of all biography, for it discloses the inner life and the processes of mental growth. Mill's record of his own career, despite the egotism and self-complacency always so characteristic of him, bears all the marks of candor and truthfulness, and must take rank among those few genuine revelations of character, of which the Confessions of Augustine and Rousseau and the Apologia of Dr. Newman are perhaps the best examples.

To the Christian thinker this book is especially suggestive, as exhibiting most remarkably the influence of the positive philosophy and the utilitarian theory of ethics upon the intellectual and moral developments of one of their most able defenders.

The autobiography is mainly a record of the growth and results of the opinions which Mill formed in early life, under the direction of his father. This father, James Mill, holding that all men are born with equal faculties, and that character is the result solely of association and circumstance, could hardly fail to have a high idea of the possibilities of education; and it would seem that he resolved to test his theories upon his son. Accordingly, young Mill, before he had fairly learned to speak, was started in a course of reading and study, the story of which, as told in his book, is almost incredible. Beginning the study of Greek at the age of three years, and that of Latin at eight, before he had completed his fourteenth year he had gone over the whole range of ancient literature and philosophy. Nor was this all; he had gone through the

histories of Mitford, Hooke, Gibbon, Burnet, Watson, Rollin, Mosheim, and others of less note, and had composed volumes of history of his own. He "devoured whole treatises on chemistry," mastered Bacon's Organon and Hobbes' Computatio sui Logica, besides receiving constant logical drill from his father; and finished up his lessons by reading Adam Smith, Ricardo, and the Bullion Controversy.

It may be doubted whether such an education as this, considered merely as an intellectual discipline, was in all respects successful. By it, indeed, Mill gained lasting habits of application, and a wonderful power of sustained and accurate thinking; and by the constant use of his pen he also early became master of a style whose point and lucidity must be the despair of all logical and metaphysical writers. But his studies had done little towards giving him a broad and liberal culture. He claims to have read, while a beardless stripling, more Greek and Latin authors than most eminent classicists read in the course of a whole lifetime; but there is little evidence that he ever had any enthusiasm for the literature of antiquity, or, in fact, any scholarly appreciation of it. He never saw it through the eyes of the poet or the man of letters.

The radical defect of Mill's education, however, is to be found in the fact that it left one side of his nature wholly untouched. It utterly ignored all culture of the imagination, the emotions, or the sympathies. Of the tender associations, the sweet charities that cluster about the thought of home, this young philosopher knew nothing. He cannot bring himself to say that he loved his father; and of his mother he makes no mention whatever. And, worst of all, Mill, before he was fairly in his teens, adopted, without any essential modification, the opinions of his father with reference to morals and religion. Educated for the Scotch Church, James Mill had been early started into an indignant renunciation of the Calvinistic theology; and, like so many other able thinkers, had abandoned with all religious faith whatever. Christianly he regarded, not with indifference, but with positive aversion. He held it to be the great enemy of morality and the great obstacle to human progress. Because he could not solve the problem of the origin of evil, he took refuge in a cheerless nescience, and denied the possibility of knowing anything relative to the origin or the destiny of mankind, denied the authority of conscience, and substituted the principle of utility for any intuitive standard of right and wrong. In his own life this dismal philosophy had already borne its bitter fruit. We know of no sadder passage in literature than that in which Mill describes his father's character and sentiments.

Although acknowledging no other moral quality in actions than their power to produce pleasure or pain, he nevertheless held scarcely any belief in pleasure. "He deemed very few pleasures worth the price paid for them; he thought human life a poor thing after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by. He would sometimes say that if life were made what it might be by good government and good education, it would be worth having; but he never spoke with anything like enthusiasm even of that possibility. He used to say he had never known a happy old man, except those who were able to live over again in the pleasures of the young."

Such was the man from whom John Stuart Mill received his education and his opinions, and such the preparation with which, at the age of fifteen, he commenced the work of his life. Here, then, was a man of vast intellectual powers, perhaps the most acute, if not the most profound or original thinker of his day; a man of strong passions, but of pure and refined tastes; a man who throughout life believed himself following high ideals, yet a man who grew up from boyhood with a positive aversion to religion, a disbelief in any intuitive standard of right, and a firm conviction of the impossibility of any knowledge of the causes of the universe, the existence of a God, or the certainty of a life beyond the grave. What testimony, then, does this man's life bear to the value of the philosophy he so firmly believed, and so ably taught?

It would seem, indeed, that such a cheerless philosophy could hardly satisfy any one a great while. Least of all could it satisfy an ardent, youthful soul, as yet unschooled to apathy and blind endurance. It lasted Mill until his twentieth year. He was in the midst of eager discussion, he had already made himself a reputation in the new Westminster, and was hard at work upon his edition of Judicial Evidence, when he stopped to ask himself that question, which every young man may sometime or other ask, "suppose that all your objects in life were realized, that all the changes in institutions

and opinions which you are looking forward to could be completely effected at this very instant, would this be a great joy and happiness to you?" And he got the inevitable answer, "no." In an hour the light faded out of all his visions. His labor had lost its motive and its charm. He had nothing, he thought, to live for; and he sank into a dull and dreary melancholy. He had heretofore made happiness the end of existence, and the test of all right action; but he now found it impossible, in his own experience, to realize that end, or apply that test; because he was forced to confess that no action, however apparently successful, was competent to bring him happiness. His philosophy of life had broken down under him. It was evidently necessary to reconstruct it; and as the six months' melancholy wore away, he elaborated his new theory. He still considered happiness the end of life, but "thought this end only to be attained by not making it the direct end. Ask yourself whether you are happy, and you cease to be so. The only chance is to treat, not happiness, but some end external to it, as the purpose of life."

Such was Mill's theory throughout his career. This was, indeed, a step towards a higher idea of duty; but, so far as we can see, it was a virtual abandonment of the only element of his theory of morals which can serve as an impulsive force. For if, after I have denied any intuitive impulse to right action, you debar me from the pursuit of happiness as an end, what motive remains to prompt me to virtue? The only chance of obtaining happiness, says Mill, is to treat, not happiness, but some end external to it as the purpose of life. Very true; but what determines this other object, and what puts me upon its pursuit? Very far, indeed, from the Christian doctrine of duty and of right is any such theory of morals as this. And a study of Mill's after life will show, we think, how utterly unable it is to awaken the most generous impulses of our nature, or to prompt any lofty and self-forgetful action. Mill's moods, like all moods, slowly wore away; but if we read his life aright, he never got back the ardor and the enthusiasm of his earlier years.

But did his revised utilitarianism furnish Mill with an unvarying test of right, and a lofty moral ideal? We think a most emphatic answer to this question may be found in his singular domestic relations. When nearly twenty-five years of age, this man, whose sympathies have thus far been deadened and repressed by his philosophy, whose affections, having no God and no heaven to fix themselves upon, have not yet found even an earthly object—this man meets a woman. Not so far as any one else could discern, an extraordinary woman; yet a woman, doubtless, of some tact and originality, and—another man's wife. For some years previous to the death of her husband she lived upon terms of immorality, though not technically criminal intimacy with Mill, and afterward became his wife. Now, it is not too much to say that for twenty years this woman stood in the place of God to John Stuart Mill. All the passionate adoration of his soul was lavished upon her. She became to him the ideal of all purity and truth, the object of a devotion which gathered up into itself all that was noblest in his nature. The natural result followed. His standard of morals fluctuated, and his ethical code was considerably stretched to meet the exigencies of his position. We believe that Mill is much nearer right than some of his critics will allow, when he affirms that for several years his opinions were largely shaped by the influence of his wife. Not, indeed, that she exerted this influence by virtue of any original or striking qualities of intellect; for what Mill most admired in the mind of his wife, was probably the reflection of his own sentiments.

But by the very constitution of our nature, the intellect is always largely under the direction of the affections; and, if we are not mistaken, very many of Mill's most peculiar, and we must own, most objectionable opinions, were due to his unbounded devotion for his wife. It is, at all events, significant that the period during which he informs us that the most radical of his theories with reference to social and domestic morality took shape, coincides remarkably with the period of her greatest influence. In fact, we have Mill's word for it, that he calls the third state of his mental progress, "his views of the fundamental principles of morals were essentially modified, and that he then took a position, with reference to property and marriage, which would class him 'decidedly under the general designation of Socialist.' It is impossible to avoid the suspicion that this philosopher, able and upright as he was, might have sacrificed almost any principle to passion, and then have set his wonderful powers of analysis at work to justify

himself in the sacrifice. So true is it that devotion to any other than the divine ideal leaves all the faculties without direction. So true is it, that all the Law hangs on the First Commandment.

It is inevitable that men should look with suspicion upon a philosophy which fails them just at the moment when it is most needed, and is silent when most the heart cries out for consolation. What did Mill's philosophy do for him when in the midst of those afflictions which sooner or later come to us every one? In the autumn of 1858 Mill was smitten with a most bitter and unexpected calamity. His wife suddenly died. That partnership of thought, feeling and sympathy which he regarded as the great blessing of his life, and which kindled in him the only enthusiasm he evinced in his mature years, was severed at a stroke. And what then? "Since then I have sought for such alleviation as my state admitted of, by the mode of life which most enabled me to feel her near me. I bought a cottage as close as possible to the place where she is buried, and there her daughter and I live constantly during a great portion of the year. Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavor to regulate my life." At such a time as that, most men, even of Mill's own cheerful creed, would have found their hopes better than their philosophy. Most men, whatever their speculative belief, would have found it impossible to stand watching away from earth one who had been to them the embodiment of all purity and truth, without an instinctive faith that the precious life, so suddenly interrupted, was not ended forever. Most men, with the agony of parting, would have felt something of that

"Joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live."

But this hope for all events consistent. He will hope for nothing of which he knows nothing. Not a word of anticipation escapes him. Henceforth her grave shall be his shrine—her memory his religion; and that is all.

But if Mill's philosophy did so little for himself, what did it prompt him to do for others? Nothing. It is the glory of Christianity that it inspires men with what has been aptly termed the enthusiasm of humanity; but of this divine enthusiasm Mill had no experience. There is no proof that he ever knew the pleasures of disinterested benevolence. His schemes for the improvement of government and the progress of society were never warmed at his heart. Men he knew, only as abstractions to be reasoned about. In fact, he kept himself loftily aloof from them. He thought no man of any high order of intellect could safely endure contact with society without deterioration. He was too often prone to speak of the upper classes with something very like hatred, and of the lower with something very like scorn. No one can place a higher estimate upon Mill's abilities than ourselves. No one can be more ready to acknowledge, further, that, to a great extent, every man must do his own work in his own way; but we firmly believe that men are not to be made better or happier by the cold speculations of philosophers who keep themselves above the earth.

Nor can Mill's exclusiveness and lack of genuine love for man be laid to the charge of his temperament. For Mill was by no means the cold and passionless being he has sometimes been called. His affections were naturally ardent, and his sympathies ready and generous. There was in him the stuff for a philanthropist, had it not been marred in the making. One can hardly help comparing his life with that of his early friend, for whom he always cherished a most hearty admiration, Frederick Maurice. In the opinion of Mill, Maurice possessed intellectual powers superior to those of Coleridge; but he devoted them all to the service of humanity. Recognizing the value of correct opinions, he spent the best energies of his life in showing the harmony which must ever exist between a sound philosophy and a true religion; but all his writings, even the most speculative, glow with a genuine Christian love and sympathy. His whole life was filled with the spirit of the Master, who gave himself for man.

There has just been published a volume of sermons which he preached during his short summer runs into the country, to rural congregations; and almost every page of the book bears very touching evidence of the yearning of his heart to make known to the humblest and poorest of his fellow-men the good news of the gospel. His was a kindly, sunny soul, loving all and loving of all. But of the value and nobility of a life thus spent, Mill had no conception. His only comment upon it is, "there was more intellectual power wasted in Maurice than in any of his contemporaries."

Such are some of the lessons of Mill's

life. It was, in some respects, a noble one; it was earnest, honest, and full of tireless labor; it was, we think, the best possible product of the philosophy on which it was based. But there are more and better things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in that philosophy. That philosophy is the sacrifice of the nobler parts of our nature. It denies the authority of conscience, reduces morality to utility, stifles the nobler emotions, makes character a thing of circumstance and association, and life but a series of sensuous impressions; sees in all the phenomena of nature but a succession of invariable sequences, knows nothing of the origin or destiny of the universe, robs us of all the promptings and the consolations which come from the assurance of a future life, and resolves God himself into a dubious possibility. James Mill was right. With such a creed as this, life is indeed "a poor thing at the best." If such alleviation as my state admitted of, by the mode of life which most enabled me to feel her near me. I bought a cottage as close as possible to the place where she is buried, and there her daughter and I live constantly during a great portion of the year. Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavor to regulate my life." At such a time as that, most men, even of Mill's own cheerful creed, would have found their hopes better than their philosophy. Most men, whatever their speculative belief, would have found it impossible to stand watching away from earth one who had been to them the embodiment of all purity and truth, without an instinctive faith that the precious life, so suddenly interrupted, was not ended forever. Most men, with the agony of parting, would have felt something of that

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LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

A LADY'S LETTER TO A FRIEND.
BY MATTIE W. TORREY.
Of social life at the South, there is, properly speaking, no such thing here. Do you remember the little girl's definition of gossip? "Nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told!" I suppose the sort of gossip to which the child naively alluded exists here; but of that higher sort of child-chat of books, art, music, poetry and art, the drama, you could not mention themes upon which less interest is manifested in this quarter of the Union.

To the ennuyee longing to escape from the world, turn hermit, and be forgotten, I beg to recommend this place. No evening parties to make demands upon one's time; no dinner parties to spoil one's digestion; no expensive or elaborate toilets to be studied up; no rivalry, heart-burnings or envyings; not even a round of morning calls wherewith to fritter away one's time. Husbands and fathers, disgusted with bills from merchant, dress-maker and milliner, please take notice!

Before we came here we were told that the feeling of hostility to Yankees had wholly died away—that of all the bugaboo stories that had been told us, not one half were true, and the other half—well, such things might have happened some years ago, but not now—no, no, not now!

We were told these things, and believed them. Our faith was great; but how has it been rewarded? No longer ago than yesterday our next neighbor ordered our colored "help" off his premises, because she "worked for a Yankee!" (please supply the expletive) "Yankee!" Aunt Martha came in, in irate and indignant, and upon being asked what reply she had made to the man, declared she had "told 'im she'd a heap ruther work for a Yankee than a Southerner!" So much for the cordial welcome we were to receive from the chivalrous sons of the South.

About the schools, fortunately I can speak *ex cathedra*, for did we not, one day last week, attend the half yearly exhibition and examination of pupils belonging to Miss Smith's Young Ladies' Seminary? Having met the preceptress a few times, we made bold to present ourselves at an early hour, and were shown to seats in the class room where a bevy of young misses were undergoing an examination in French on words. After this came a class in ancient history, and following this, several poetical recitations, a couple of Carleton's ballads, and selections from Shakespeare. Lastly came the compositions, to the reading of which we prepared to listen with all our delight in similar school exercises.

Picture to yourself the scene. The well lighted school room, filled with pretty, well-dressed girls, whose bright eyes, fair hair and delicate features made up a charming scene. Out of doors, the warm sunlight falling like a benediction upon the young buds just showing a tender green, upon the springing grass and the early flowers. Surely, with God's peace breathing all about, in air, earth and sky, no one can have the heart to drag into this scene of enchantment a thought which shall put us all out of tune.

Alas, that discord should lie so close beside the very sweetest harmonies! Listen to the title of the first composition, read by a rosy cheeked blond, whose blushes and smiles are very becoming to her blooming face. "Massachusetts and Virginia compared!" "Poor Massachusetts! How she suffered in the comparison! How she 'paled her ineffectual fires' before the brilliancy of her potent rival! How she shrank and dwindled, and finally disappeared altogether; for did not the Puritans settle Massachusetts, while the early settlers of Virginia were a race of

SUNDAY IN THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

—The editor of the *Child's World* writes in that paper:—
"We spent a Sabbath at Baalbek. There is no Protestant Church there. After breakfast we went to a little Greek chapel, but there was nothing in the language or the service that we could understand. Then one of my companions and I went into the Temple of Jupiter, and sitting down where the altar used to stand, we went through the morning service of the Episcopal Church, and read a sermon there. We both enjoyed that sermon very much. It seemed very pleasant and very solemn to hear the words of prayer addressed to the true God in that old temple where Jupiter, the false god, had been so often worshipped. After the service was over we sat and talked about it, and wondered if any two Christian people had ever before united to worship the God of the Bible in that old home of idolatry."

WORTH OF SUNSHINE.—If the aggregate value of the agricultural products of the United States is many hundreds of millions of dollars a year, the average value of a day's sunshine during the time of the growing and ripening of the crops is estimated at several millions of dollars. Of what untold value then toward producing the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ, would be the daily sunshine of peace and joy beaming forth from the lives of His loving, praising disciples—thus reflecting, as they should, the glory of the Sun of Righteousness.

Set a value on the smallest morsel of knowledge. These fragments are the dust of diamonds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

METHODIST MISSIONS IN GERMANY.

BY REV. ALBERT J. NAST.

American missions in Germany have recently been made the subject of considerable discussion as to their proselyting tendencies. It is stated that "a movement was made in connection with the appointment of German delegates to the Evangelical Alliance, to instruct them to bring this aspect of the missionary question before that body," but that for some reason it was overruled.

That the subject was not entirely dropped, however, appears from some remarks made by Dr. Christlieb during one of the meetings of the Alliance, at which the subject of missionary courtesy was under discussion. It is proper to say that in a recent letter to the *Christliche Botschafter*, Dr. Christlieb claims to have made the remarks he did upon no delegated authority from any quarter, but entirely of his own free will, and upon his own responsibility. His statements, reviewed and re-produced by himself in the above mentioned letter, while they are not in the form of a direct charge of proselytism on the part of any particular denomination, nevertheless imply, most unmistakably, not merely an existing proselyting tendency, but the actual practice of proselytism.

It should further be stated, in justice to him, however, that it was not until after he had adverted very pointedly to certain evils of the State Church, that he came to speak of the unfavorable aspects of the Free Churches in their missionary operations in Germany. We translate from his letter to the *Botschafter* what he claims to have said on this subject. It must be remembered that as this letter was written in German, and the English translation is necessarily an exact reproduction of that copy, the verbiage is probably not that which the doctor would have used, had he written the letter in English originally.

He claims to have said about the following:—"There is, however, an equal lack of missionary courtesy, and a violation of the principles of the Evangelical Alliance, manifest wherever, as has continually been the case, some of our over-zealous American brethren have invaded those of our German societies in which the State Church has fulfilled her duty. If they would confine their efforts to Catholics, or Churches served by infidel pastors, where the pure gospel is not preached, or to those who are wholly destitute of moral and religious care, upon whom inadequate pastoral attention is bestowed on the part of our Church, we would gladly support them by word and deed. But it is a matter of fact that they have endeavored to gain an entrance into Churches spiritually alive and fully furnished with the Word of God, and within these Churches have directed their attention, not to the nominal Christians, who are spiritually dead, but to converts and believers who constitute the best part of the membership, and whom the State Church can less readily spare, the less abundantly she possesses this valuable salt. I regret this the more, as it is doubtless one of the principal reasons that the Evangelical Alliance has hitherto found so little sympathy among the clergy in some parts of Germany; for where it is not the exclusive aim of the American missionaries to labor for the ingathering of the unsaved, in co-operation with their fellow-laborers in the Christian ministry, but, aside from this, they also seek to win over those already saved from one evangelical denomination to another, there is evidently a violation of that principle lying at the very basis of the Evangelical Alliance, which Dr. Hodge has so fully designated as 'mutual recognition.'"

This is what Dr. Christlieb claims to be the gist of his remarks. With the position taken in the last sentence, all will certainly agree. But how about the implied charges in the above? They are sufficiently serious to demand more light. The implication does not particularize any one denomination; but as the principal American missions in Germany are those of our own Church and of the Evangelical Association (a denomination so nearly akin to ours, in both doctrine and usages, that it is often mistaken for it); it was doubtless these that passed before the mental vision of Dr. Christlieb in making the above reflections. Thus Dr. Lore, in a recent editorial in the *North-ern Christian Advocate*, interprets the complaints of proselytism as implicating the Methodist Episcopal Church; and while not admitting that the state of things charged actually exists, nevertheless declares that "there have certainly been some indications of its beginning."

A defense of our missionaries in Germany is earnestly called for. Indeed, Dr. Christlieb's letter to the *Christliche Botschafter*, while shielding him from much misinterpretation, is not at all satisfactory, in that it in nowise removes the implied charge of proselytism, and has therefore called forth an able answer from one of our German missionaries of ten years' recent experience and twenty years' observation there, namely, Rev. J. J. Messmer, now laboring in this country. As, however, this reply is limited to German readers, and a justification of our Church has not yet appeared in any of our English periodicals, allow me, in the absence of communications from much able pens, to present a few observations having a bearing on this subject:—

1. It is readily conceded that in a country where the State Church policy

prevails, it may often be difficult to avoid the semblance of proselytism. There are millions in Germany who are nominally connected with the National Church, but are in reality wholly estranged from her. It is impossible to reach the unsaved without entering the pale of this nominal membership.

2. But to efforts within this limit Dr. Christlieb does not object; it is the purloining of the good members that he objects to. As to this, Brother Messmer declares that it has never been the practice of our Church—that in the course of his experience in the ministry he has not learned of a single case of actual proselytism. It frequently happens that valuable members of the National Church voluntarily connect themselves with our Church, and leave their own, because they do not find the spiritual food they require. Who will not concede to them this liberty, and to us the privilege of receiving them? Knowing, however, the delicacy of such cases, our Church has avoided honoring such accessions with special attention, and has preferred to use the material gained from the world in the upbuilding the Church, and found it the best.

3. But Dr. Christlieb, as we have seen, also excepts such cases, as they are not thoroughly furnished with the meat of the Word, and only "protests against our invading Churches supplied with orthodox, faithful, and edifying preachers;" that is, where the members have an abundance of spiritual food. This seems to be a rational demand, and non-compliance with it would seem to give just cause for complaint. How does the matter stand? It is true that we have established societies in cities, towns, and villages that were supplied with orthodox ministers and faithful pastors. Aside from the fact, in itself entirely sufficient, that there were still large numbers unreached by the existing evangelical Churches, there are many other considerations which justify missionary occupation of such ground. There can be no fixed and immutable rules governing the planting of missions, or prescribing the places where the gospel shall or shall not be preached by the messenger of Christ, especially one who has imbibed the spirit of him who said, "the world is my parish."

Instances might be adduced to show that it may be of no small benefit to the evangelical Churches to have the additional moral strength of the Methodists in their community. Methodist votes have been known to defeat the election of a rationalistic candidate for a vacant pulpit of the State Church. Supposing an orthodox minister holds the pulpit to-day. A rationalist may displace him to-morrow. Shall we be debarrd from entering the field until this new phase gives us the privilege? Or suppose an orthodox minister supplants the rationalist? Must the Methodist then abandon his post because the rationalist has abandoned his? Shall he leave his flock to the care of another shepherd?

4. The great majority of the orthodox clergy in Germany do not follow Dr. Christlieb in his concessions to independent Churches, but would enter into relations of fellowship with our ministry only on the condition that they surrender their right to form independent societies, and give up the present ones. How much does such a demand involve? It means the surrender of all that the patient, self-sacrificing toil of twenty-five years, amid persecution, hatred, and civil hindrances has secured; that is to say, forty-four Churches, with a membership, in full connection and on probation, of between eight and nine thousand souls, and two hundred and forty-four Sunday-schools, with over one thousand teachers and eleven thousand scholars, and fifty-eight preachers in the ranks (with thirty-seven helpers in the local ministry), only four of whom were sent out from America, the rest all springing from the soil where they stand, are to retire. Is this a "just recognition" of the rights of fellow-Christians and fellow citizens?

5. In conclusion, it is not improbable that the missionary zeal of the Methodist Church among the masses may awaken anxious concern on the part of the National Church, which sees herself irresistibly borne towards a crisis. Fidelity, sensuality and spiritual apathy have well-nigh engulfed the people, and the State Church finds herself inadequate to stem the tide. Increased evangelical forces are demanded. The ecclesiastical sky is portentous with lowering clouds. All Europe is perplexed over the knotty problem concerning the true relation between Church and State. Nowhere is the solution of this problem looked for with greater interest than in Germany—some with apprehension, others with brilliant hope. Already there are heard voices which clearly and distinctly cry, "the future belongs to the Free Church." Should the National Church emerge from her throes severed from the State (the State being equally emancipated from the Church), evangelical Christendom in Germany will have returned to its primitive form, as the Church which can place on her banners the words, "My kingdom is not of this world." It is only by standing thus on her own feet, and in the strength of her own might, that she can, as of old, overcome the world.

When that day dawns, the young and vigorous Methodist Church, hitherto greatly underrated in her value and importance, will hope to step in the van and do valiant service for our common Lord and King in the regeneration of Germany. Then, too, it is hoped, will the National Church recognize the providence which in due

time planted the Methodist missions within her pale, to prepare the people for the mighty change in Church and State, by which each is unimpeded by the other, and will gratefully recognize her claim to Christian distinction, the more largely she may be indebted to her for exemplifying the practicability and feasibility of the Free Church economy in her own history.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR."

Collegiate Courses of Study for the Ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

DEAR BRETHREN:—The authorities of the Illinois Wesleyan University, at Bloomington, after due deliberation, have determined to offer courses of study and corresponding degrees to the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church who shall meet the requisite conditions. These courses are designed for those only who have passed successfully the examinations prescribed by the General Conference for traveling ministers, and who are ordained Elders in good standing. They can be pursued without actual attendance at the University, and without any interruption of regular ministerial duties.

A completion of the course in the natural sciences and *belles lettres*, with special stress laid upon the English language and English literature, will secure the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. A completion of the same course, with additional studies in Latin, or Greek, or German, and in natural science and mathematics, will secure the degree of Bachelor of Science. For the degree of Bachelor of Arts, the studies laid down in the catalogue of the University will be required, credit being given for the studies passed in the above courses. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy will be conferred upon all classical graduates of colleges who shall pass the prescribed courses of study in either of the departments of philosophy, philology or natural science.

After consultation with leading educational men in the Church, a course of study may be laid down hereafter for the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Examinations on any part, or the whole of the course, will be held at the University at the close of each term. Whenever a sufficient number of ministers within the bounds of any Conference shall make application for such examinations, they will be held by some members of the Faculty during the months of July and August, at some place designated by such ministers. Credit will be given for each study when completed, and the appropriate degrees will be conferred at the Commencement following the final examination.

Some of the reasons for this "new departure" may be briefly stated:—1. The course of study prescribed by the General Conference for our ministers is very valuable and extensive, and cannot be mastered without years of earnest study. With the required preparatory studies, and the implied knowledge of the English branches before admission on trial, this course covers about seven years.

Having carefully estimated the educational value of each and all of these studies, we cannot resist the conviction that the generous supplementary course we prescribe, with the extensive Conference course, well deserves an academic degree.

2. Our plan meets the desire of many of our ministers, often and earnestly expressed, for a logical and well-digested course of private study, to be pursued systematically and continuously.

3. It will admit into the republic of letters men who are every way worthy to enter it—men who would rather earn a degree than receive it as a mere honorary thing.

4. We believe, in presenting this plan, that we are helping our brethren to fulfill the command in the exhortation of Paul to Timothy, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

A small sum will be charged for examinations, and the usual fee for diploma. For detailed courses of study and information, apply to

DANIEL FALLOWS, D. D., Pres.

Bloomington, Ill.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

BY REV. WILLIAM LIVESY.

MR. EDITOR:—Your correspondent, C. A. M., the unfortunate and unhappy alumnus of the above University, who uttered his sad wail in your late paper on the subject of changing the name and removing the odium of "Wesleyan" from its graduates who, so much against their tastes and sensibilities, have the odious reminder of "the clerical neck-tie" every time they think or speak of their "Alma Mater," has doubtless greatly relieved his mind by his deliverance. What awakes our sympathies the more, is that he is only one of a growing number who are thus suffering the agonizing fear of being suspected of clerical proclivities, "whose reason has killed faith," and sent them out with "large" and "broad" ideas, having outgrown the narrow, contracted notions and sectarian bigotry of their Alma Mater and its clerical Professors. This is but the muttering of discontent; we may expect the thunder soon.

"What's in a name?" he asks. "John Wesley was a great preacher, and founded a great sect." Yes, a

"sect," forsooth; and some of the "sect" were narrow and sectarian enough to attach his name to the University they founded, to educate their sons under wholesome moral and Christian influences, without exposing them to the corrupting influences of other colleges, or have them alienated from the Church of their fathers.

They also were, many of them, too "poor" to send them to other institutions, on account of their expensiveness, and hoped to get them educated within their means. Many of the early patrons were the "white neck-tie," and devoted their life to promoting religion, and building up the great "sect," as he calls it. They were not engaged in money-making, as merchants and manufacturers, running distilleries, or keeping grog-shops, or they might have sent their sons elsewhere. There were others who, for some reason or other, sent their sons to be educated under those clerical Professors, notwithstanding its odious name, and thus have probably unwittingly inflicted on some of their sons the ghastly spectre of a "clerical cravat," whose crimson blushes mantle their cheek every time they think of their Alma Mater.

I was reminded, as I read your correspondent, of the ingenious Mr. Nast, and his design in *Harper's Weekly*, during the late Presidential campaign, in his caricatures of Horace Greeley, with his easily-recognized face, white hat, and his drab coat. No matter in whatever condition Horace was—sitting, standing, running or riding—always and everywhere this tag was attached to the tail of his coat: "Gratz Brown." That inevitable tag was always visible, and always at the tail of the coat. It seems to me your redoubtable lawyer, who has so outgrown, in broad and liberal ideas, the clerical, sectarian and narrow-souled Professors of Wesleyan, has the ghost of the white cravat haunting his imagination, and he cannot go out, turn round, or meet a friend without the inevitable tag, "Gratz Brown," alias "Wesleyan," dancing before his eyes; and the blush burns on his face lest they should ask of the bar. Can anything be more terrifying than for such a limb of the law to be subject to the idea that his Alma Mater is a reminder of his clerical relation, and to be allied to a Methodist saint? Should he appear in court to defend a liquor case, a prostitute, or a burglar, to his imagination everybody is looking at the tag on his coat, "Gratz Brown," alias "Wesleyan." He can't turn round for fear some one will ask, "What's that fellow doing here? Why is he not in the pulpit, or wearing the white cravat? It was a sad day when some thoughtless father (not probably on account of the expense; that only applies to poor Methodist ministers) sent him to Wesleyan, and thus entailed upon him for life the odious association of a "clerical neck-tie." Is there no help for this large and liberal-souled alumnus? If we should get the name changed, it would not change his "tag;" that is fixed, and the irascible "Pegotty" will abide with him. No letter of transfer, or certificate of removal can change the "tag."

"The narrow, bigoted sect," with its clerical Professors, still venerate the name of the great preacher, and no less for his "saintliness." We are not alone in this matter, for most of the colleges in the country are similarly named. We have Shaw University, Lincoln University, Williams, Henry's Mary's, Asbury, Harvard, Yale, Brown's, and many others named after persons; and we cannot see why Wesleyan should be so distasteful, if the writer is not an apostate from the faith. We heard no complaint until college life was perverted from mental to physical culture, and the pernicious habit of boat racing came into vogue, and a dozen or twenty of her students had their hair cut, or shaven so close to their heads that they looked like escaped convicts, and one or two thousand dollars annually expended in aquatic sports. Some are drawn into such sports who can ill afford it; and a species of gambling and betting is encouraged as much as in horse racing. It is no wonder that the name is in appropriate. If the instruction cannot be restored to its original design, namely, to give a thorough education under moral and religious influence to young men, at a moderate expense, the sooner its name is changed, the better; or better still, it were sunk in the Atlantic ocean. If your correspondent is to be regarded as a sample of Wesleyan alumni (one that can sneer at it as a "Methodist preacher's roost," a "clerical hot bed," and designate its distinguished Faculty as a "parcel of incipient clergymen," and twit the sons of ministers as "children to go elsewhere," and the "cult of narrow-minded men," "sectarianism, the curse of the college," etc.—one who knows young men who went there with a view of entering the ministry, but abandoned it in disgust "with the narrowness of thought in that University," and others who are "agnostics and rationalists of the extreme order," of which I suppose he includes himself, the latter is to be preferred.

It is a pity this Boston lawyer (he is not of Boston. Our city has enough to answer for.—ED. HER.) could not have been sent to Cornell, or some such institution, where he could illustrate his "broad intellect" in leading some blundering freshman to some dangerous precipice, to be picked up dead; or to Yale, whose large-minded students so lately, returning from one of their bacchanalian orgies from Hartford, had to be locked up by the police till they got sober, to keep them from tearing down signs, gates, and fences. Such is the "college world" that would please your Boston lawyer, whose associations he would not blush to own half so much as he would the ghostly tag of his Alma Mater.

Some yet live who remember the founding of the institution, and the struggles they had in raising its endowment; and when, after having employed agents for years in vain to raise it from the people, the President came and announced to a Conference of ministers that its ruin was inevitable without immediate relief, how the ministers sprang to its rescue, and raised the endowment from their own scanty purses, and saved it from ruin. I hope he is mistaken, and not a "large class" are ashamed of their Alma Mater, and to whom Wesleyan is either repulsive or sectarian. We hoped when it was founded that our sons would be preserved from contamination by the low vulgar associations of city fast young men, and would come out with decency of character and respect for religion, and not have to date their departure to prison life from the associations of college life. If its officers cannot control it in such matters, and preserve our sons, then let it die.

SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.

BY REV. W. F. MALLALIEU.

ATLANTA, Ga.

This letter, as will be seen, is written from the city made famous by the siege which it sustained when the rebel army undertook to resist the sweeping tide of valor led into Georgia by Gen. Sherman; but for loyal Methodist people it is more famous as one of the cities set apart as episcopal residences by the last General Conference. In this providence of God this place fell to Bishop Haven; and in it, with as little delay as possible, he proceeded to take up his abode; and in it, with only such absences as his episcopal work has made necessary, and a brief summer vacation, he has continued to reside. His present hospitable headquarters are at Major Spaulding's, 138 McDonough St., who, with his amiable and accomplished wife and daughter, make a very agreeable home for the Bishop.

It will interest the friends of Bishop Haven to know that an episcopal residence (perhaps we should say mansion) has already been purchased. As ever ought to be the case, the episcopal grounds are ample, including some thirteen acres, more or less, with any quantity of wild lands lying all about. The site is about a mile and a half from the heart of the city, and overlooks the city and surrounding country. The view is magnificent, and the wish of the poet, "O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" is fully realized in the selection of the site. We visited the episcopal mansion with a good deal of interest, and having been on a committee to select another home for one of our Bishops in a city not far from Boston, thought we might be able to judge of the merits of this particular case. The house consists of a chimney, a small shed, one room and a garret, until recently inhabited by one of the poor whites of this sunny land. Bent upon seeing the whole thing, we climbed up the rickety ladder which led to the garret, which had evidently served as a barn, and looking around, our eyes chanced to light upon a scrap of paper which had been cut from a newspaper. "We must prove that the proverbial odium is a thing of the past; we must come closer together in the bonds of Christ."

The Bishop, who was below, on his first visit to the mansion, and had not ascended the shaky ladder, recognized the soundness of the extract, and the propriety of its constituting a portion of the purchase. Evidently the place was designed for the purpose for which it was bought. The truth is, it would well serve as the motto for our Church in its Southern work. What we want is, to lay aside all prejudice of race and color, and bury all odium in the grave of eternal oblivion, and bring together in fraternal union these different elements of society. We must know no man after the flesh; and step by step, though slowly, we are rising to the plane where long since we ought to have come at one single, manly, Christian stride.

BISHOP HAVEN.

It is ever the case that the man is more than the house, and so we are inclined to speak of the resident of this episcopal mansion. Many of the readers of the *HERALD* will be glad to hear that the former editor is still alive, and at work with his accustomed activity and zeal. It is a remarkable fact that the whole South seems to be given up to the spiritual oversight of Bishop Haven. The northwest corner in Ohio has some six of the fourteen Bishops, while the South, including everything south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, is included in this episcopal diocese. Not that Bishop Haven attends all these Southern Conferences, or does all the episcopal business herein transacted; but still, with a restless and apparently tireless energy, he answers call for the greatest variety of services from all parts of this vast domain. His practical common sense and his rare business capacity are continually called into use in the multiplied secular affairs involved in the purchase of sites for schools and churches, and the erection of places of worship, and other matters that require the most careful management. His ability as an administrator of the polity of the Church is everywhere recognized, and men are constantly learning not only to admire the depth of his sympathies, and the nobleness of his heart and impulses, but also to confide in the

soundness of his judgment and the candor which he brings to the consideration of every question. Nor do they fail to discover that the prosperity of the Church and progress of the cause of God are dearer to him than life itself. The result is, that the calls which are made upon him are beyond the power of any mortal to answer; and yet he strives to answer them all. The amount of work which he performs is simply incredible. From one end to the other of this wide and needy field he hastens by day and night, giving attention to every interest, and seeking to make strong the weak places, and constantly arranging for aggressive work as doors of usefulness may open to the Church. It is true that his clearly defined convictions of what is right and best may be a step in advance of many sincere and honest men in our Church at the South, but yet it is equally true that they feel in their hearts that the Bishop is right, and gradually they are coming up to his standard; and they will not fail to follow where he leads, for he has on his side the best impulses of every generous heart, and the eternal truth of God. New England may well be proud of her representative in the episcopal branch, and her fervent prayers ought to ascend to Heaven that his life may long be spared.

THE WORK AT ATLANTA.

This work concerning the Bishop, it is not needful to say, has been written without his knowledge or consent; and yet justice requires that it, and more, should be said in his praise. But the work is of more consequence than the man. This city is a central point in the South, and one of the places that needed to be occupied by our Church. We have here a prosperous state of things in Church buildings, and in the congregations already gathered.

But the prospects are growing exceedingly bright in the direction of our educational interests. Clark University promises a rapid and permanent growth. It only needs money to make this institution a power in this whole State. A very wise step has just been taken in securing a larger tract of land near the city upon which to develop this institution. The present great need is a further enlargement of the preparatory department of a school of law and medicine. This is not the place to enlarge upon this point, but if there ever was an open door for the Church to enter, where great things can be done for God, that door is here. Fifty thousand dollars put into this place will affect the whole South for good for generations to come. Where are the men who want to bless themselves and the world by an act of well bestowed liberality? The question ought not to be asked twice, before all that is needed shall be offered with open hands to make this school, worthy of the denomination which it represents.

THE BAZAAR OF THE NATIONS.

The executive committee of the late Bazaar of the Nations met recently at the house of Russell Sturgis, jr., in Louisiana Square. Franklin W. Smith, as chairman of the committee, stated to those present that during the past three months idle rumors, based on foolish suppositions, had gradually passed from mouth to mouth concerning the Bazaar, its management, and the disposition of the funds. These reports gaining unpleasant prominence, and proving annoying to friends of the cause, it was agreed to prepare a testimonial in the shape of a souvenir volume, in which appears the auditor's report in full, wholly silencing forever the carping few.

The volume will be elegantly gotten up on tinted paper, and contain, besides a number of newspaper articles, a list of every one that was in any way connected with the enterprise, the financial exhibit, various notes, a series of fine heliotype illustrations of the costumes, and interlarded so that each possessor can paste in photographs of the characters that may be considered particularly interesting. The frontispiece gives a view of the Bazaar from the Syrian house, and a small cut of the Association Building.

Our Book Table.

An excellent volume, full of food for devout and inquiring Christians, is, *ASKED OF GOD*, by Anna Shipton, and published by Henry Hoyt.

Among the most affecting incidents of our life at the New York House of Refuge, were some connected with efforts to succor little Italian musicians. Thousands of them float along the streets of the city, with their harps and fiddles, gathering scant pennies for their music. They are dirty, ragged, ignorant, wretched, but are bright-eyed and affectionate, responding at once to a kind word. They are brought away from Italy in companies, sold out on a lease for their miserable parents for a period of years, or often sold away; and they are kept half fed, under the charge of older Italians, who force from them their earnings, and treat them often brutally. These little fellows would be sometimes sent to the Refuge; but their lying employers would swear that they were their parents' and capable of supporting them, and take them out upon a writ of *habere corpus*. A year or two since the community was afflicted by several instances of great cruelty. The Italian Consul intervened, and through his official correspondence the exportation of these little unprotected musicians was interrupted. An Ex-Consul has just carried through the press of Henry Hoyt a most interesting little volume, entitled *ANTONIO, THE ITALIAN BOY*, embodying in a touching story of trial and victory, actual incidents in the life of these abused youths, and forming a very valuable re-enforcement to the movement now actively put forth to aid and save these interesting little fellows. It is an excellent volume.

Late paper covered works of fiction from

T. B. Peterson & Brothers: *THORNDEN DOWN*, by Mrs. C. J. Newby, ONLY TEACHER, by the same author, *MARRIED*, and *COMMON SENSE*, also from the same pen.

D. Appleton & Co., *NO INTENTIONS*, by Florence Marryat, price 75 cents.

Harper & Brothers, *THE BLUE RIDGE*, by the author of "St. Olaves," "Meta's Faith," price 50 cents. "SHIP AHAY! A Yarn of Thirty-Six Cable Lengths, with an appendix by Samuel Plimsoll esq., M. P., Price 50 cents. *LOTTIE DARLING*, by John Cordy Jeaffreson, price 75 cents. They also publish, in boards, the latest highly complimented novel of Anthony Trollope, *PHINEAS REDUX*.

LITERARY NOTES.

In the March *Galaxy* is a very readable article on Tom Marshall, one of Kentucky's great orators, and a contemporary with Henry Clay. One of the anecdotes narrated is a sally which Mr. Marshall made in the House of Representatives. He was delivering a speech against the administration of President Tyler, whom he held in great contempt, and, by way of capping the climax of ridicule, he said that the history of that administration might be put in a parenthesis, which he defined to be "a clause of a sentence enclosed between black lines or brackets, which should be pronounced in a low tone of voice, and might be forgotten altogether without injuring the sense." Robert Carter & Brothers have in press "The Period of the Reformation, 1517-1648," by the late Professor Hauser, of Heidelberg, and a "History of Scottish Philosophy," by President McCosh, of Princeton College.

P. Putnam's Sons have in press "Sketches of Illustrious Soldiers," by James Grant Wilson, containing notices of Gonsalvo of Cordova, Chevalier Bayard, Constantine Bourbon, William the Silent, Duke of Parma, Prince Wallenstein, Gustavus Adolphus, Oliver Cromwell, Marshal Turenne, Marquis of Montrose, The Great Condé, Prince Eugene, Charles XII. of Sweden, Marshal Saxe, Frederick the Great, General Wolfe, Marshal Suvarrow, General Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte, Duke of Wellington, General Scott, Lord Clyde, Marshal von Moellke, Duke of Marlborough, General Lee, General Sherman, General Grant, etc.—The well-entitled "Brice-Brace Series" is a new enterprise of the Messrs. Scribner, which, under the excellent editorship of Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, promises unlimited amusement and pleasure to the reader of anecdotal literature. It is a series of volumes which will contain the daintiest portions of those autobiographies and memoirs, which, from their number and excellence, have given the prevailing tone to the literature of the past two years. Many of these works, however, are too local in their character, as well as too large in size to be republished in full in this country, although overflowing with anecdotes and reminiscences of distinguished persons, and consequently some of the most readable have not appeared in American editions. It is the aim of the series to condense these volumes, preserving those portions alone which are of universal interest. The first volume, which will be published at no distant date, will be filled with choice bits from the autobiographies and memoirs of Henry Charley, a well-known literary character in London, and who was for a long period the musical critic of the *Athenaeum*, of J. R. Planché, the dramatist, and Charles Mayne Loring, the tragedian. A new series of books, to be called the "Little Classics," has been announced by the Osgood. They will be edited by Mr. Roswell Johnson, and twelve volumes have already been projected. The opening volume is to be entitled "Exile," and will contain such "classic" stories as the following: "Ethan Brand," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Rip Van Winkle," by Washington Irving; "A Night in a Workhouse," by James Greenwood; "The Outcast of Peverell," by Charles Dyer; "The Man Without a Country," by Rev. Edward Everett Hale; and "The Flight of a Tartar Tribe," by De Quincey. The titles of some of the succeeding issues will be, "Intellect," "Tragedy," "Life," "Laughter," "Love," "Romance," "Mystery," "Comedy," and "Childhood."—Mr. T. S. Arthur, whose temperance stories are known to a multitude of readers, has written a new one in which the scenes so lately acted out in Ohio will constitute the groundwork.—Mr. Gill, late a member of the firm of Shepard & Gill, will publish ere long a volume of fugitive pieces, to be entitled, "Lotus Leaves." The various papers are contributions by members of the well-known Lotus Club of New York.—"Jupiter's Daughters," by Mrs. C. Jenkins, is a recent publication of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It has an unimpeachable title, is really a novel of French life, the scenes of which are mainly laid in Paris and St. Glos.—J. R. Osgood & Co. furnish a good list of Spring announcements, among which are Parton's "Life of Thomas Jefferson," "Yesterdays with Authors," by James T. Fields, "Prudence Palfrey," by T. B. Aldrich, "Backlock and that Sort of Thing," by Charles Dyer, "Warner, Theodore Parker," by Octavius B. Frothingham, etc.—Estes & Lauriat have in preparation a book to be called "One Hundred Representative Ministers." It is a work to be devoted entirely to American clergymen, whose biographies will be included in the volume. Rev. T. L. Flood is the author.—J. R. Osgood & Co. have just issued in a dainty volume Owen Meredith's "Fables in Song." The poems are mainly of a short and fugitive character, noticeable as well for depth thought as for a vivid imagination. They will certainly extend the reputation of the author of "Lucille."

S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, have in preparation two volumes, one by Prof. William Matthews, entitled "The Song On the World," to be entitled, "The Great Conversers, and Other Essays," and the second by Mr. B. F. Taylor, with the title of "The World On Wheels, and Other Essays."—An almost forgotten book, now just re-published, and one that deserves to regain all its former popularity, is Michael Scott's "Tom Cringle's Log." It was first published as a series of papers in *Blackwood's Magazine*, receiving at that time the merited encomium that it was one of the most brilliant productions of that famous magazine. It has been translated into various languages, and now comes back to us with all the flavor of a new book. Most of the scenes of the work are laid in the West Indies, Mr. Scott having resided for many years in Jamaica. It has thus, in addition to its thrilling accounts of nautical adventure, the merit of being a faithful description of tropical life in a very romantic quarter of the globe.—"Scottish Chap-Books," by John Fraser, is a publication issued a little time since, by Henry L. Hinton, of New York. It is devoted to rescuing from popular forgetfulness the multitudinous pamphlets, tracts and broad-sheets which flooded Scotland a century ago, but which have been almost swept out of existence in this age of cheap literature. They form a very important chapter in Scottish literary history, and the account which Mr. Fraser gives is a very interesting one. We notice that the author has just completed a second paper on the same subject, which will, we presume, be early given to the public.

THE EDIFYING OF THE BODY OF
CHRIST.

Some ministers have good success in drawing crowds to their preaching in the city. They are also equally successful in awakening temporary religious convictions. They keep their altars resounding with prayers for kneeling penitents. They multiply long lists of nominal converts. While the stir and interest of crowded meetings continue, a good proportion of such persons show considerable earnestness in their attendance upon religious services. Little is done, however, to develop spiritual life in them, to establish firm principles, or to inspire a constant growth in all holy

These are sufficient illustrations to enforce the thought we wish to present: that ministers of the Gospel should be men of growth, of experience, of dignity, of advancing purposes, and enlarging powers. They should get into work gradually, with due reference to the demands which shall inevitably come upon them day by day. Preachers are not expected to run hither and thither at random; but are to be sent. They are not to thrust themselves into the vineyard before they are called or qualified; they are rather to remain in Jericho until their beards be grown. There may be fluent talkers, with popular manners and winning address, who lack in qualities which nothing but years and patient work will bring. These should be willing to serve the Master in such ways as may best develop their minds and hearts.

is making great preparations for the coming season. It is really marvelous that a place so small, with all its grand hotels, should still feel that there is room for another, grander than any which have preceded it. But such is the fact. On the site of the old "United States" is being erected the largest hotel in the world. How many it will accommodate I should not dare to estimate. But I am quite sure that it will accommodate all who can get into it. It will be ready for the coming season, and will be an additional attraction to this already the most attractive watering place of the world.

Saratoga is combining the luxuries and sanitary advantages which ought to be found in every first class watering place, more than any other such resort. In fact, it ought to be so, for they have a greater variety of valuable springs than any other place. But added to the springs and the grand

has not tried it can hardly tell how the presence of such pure and high toned art will soothe and cheer. The marble and the wood used in the finish are scarcely less impressive and ornamental than the frescoing. From top to bottom, the cabinet work, wainscoting, drapery, frescoing, carpets and furnishings all combine and harmonize to unify and make the effect most pleasing. Sixteen different kinds of marble are found in the wainscoting, and a great variety of the rarest and richest woods, found in this and other lands, are used in the finish, and yet all these varieties, vieing in the richness of its marble with the exhumed palaces of Rome and Pompeii, are combined to produce such symmetry that there is no feeling of unnecessary grandeur, such as is felt in the presence of ornaments which are inappropriate for use. The building is not as large as several other American hotels, but

The readers of ZION'S HERALD and of the *Guide to Holiness* have often read short and spiritual articles signed S. G. S. They were from the pen of Mrs. Susan G. Sharpe for many years a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Watertown, Mass. Last Sabbath evening, after a protracted and very painful illness, she quietly rested in Jesus and entered paradise. Her last hours were marked by heroic endurance in this heavy bereavement.

Bald Mountain, in the county of McDowell, North Carolina, has been the scene of late of a singular panic, which has taken upon itself quite a religious character. During the month of February the tall mountain range, particularly Chimney

The Christian Advocate cautions two people against a man representing himself as a "located" minister of the Church South, who is described by the Southern papers as an accomplished villain, forger, etc. "A fluent speaker, a man of culture, a fine singer and musician, with winning manners, and any amount of magnetism, he is just such a man as is calculated to deceive the very elect." We know him this way, and he has tried to impose himself on the Providence Conference. Pass him along.

25 CENTS PER POUND, TB.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter.
Berean Lesson Series, April 19.
Lesson III. Exodus xxi. 12-20.
BY L. D. BARROWS, D. D.

THE PEOPLE FORGIVEN.
12 And Moses said unto the Lord, See, thou sayest unto me, Bring up this people; and thou hast not let me know whom thou wilt send with me. Yet thou hast said, Know thee by name, and thou hast also found grace in my sight.
13 Now, therefore, I pray thee, if I have found grace in thy sight, show me now thy way, that I may know thee, that I may find grace in thy sight; and consider that this nation is thy people.
14 And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.
15 And he said unto him, If thy presence go not with me, carry as not up hence.
16 For wherein shall it be known here that I and thy people have found grace in thy sight? is it not in that thou goest with us? so shall we be separated, I and thy people, from all the people that are upon the face of the earth.
17 And the Lord said unto Moses, I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken; for thou hast found grace in my sight, and I know thee by name.
18 And he said, I beseech thee, show me thy glory.
19 And he said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee; and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will show mercy on whom I will show mercy.
20 And he said, Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live.

The results of the terrible apostasy of the people in their wholesale worship of the golden calf, are narrated in this chapter. The Lord threatens that He will not go up with the people, for they had abandoned Him. This first appears when they were wondering at Moses' delay in the Mount, and call him "Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt." No mention is made of God. There seems a deep vein of irony in the Lord's language to Moses afterward, in reference to this affair, when He says, "For thy people which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt," etc. Thus He seems to say, If the people prefer you, or a golden calf, for their god, let them try their hand at it; I will withdraw, and go not up with them. Sometimes people will cure themselves of their folly and crime if left alone in them.

Moses calls Aaron to a severe account for his agency in the crime; and Aaron makes a weak and childish apology for himself—a feeble conservative that he was, offering no resistance to such high treason against Heaven. But Moses, single-handed and alone, took their idol, burnt it in the fire, ground it to powder, and stood up in the gate of the camp, and cried, "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi separated themselves unto him." This was equal to a renunciation of, and penitence for their crime. To them the insulted Jehovah said: "Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate, throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor" (chap. xxxii. 27). "It is a fearful thing to all into the hands of the living God; and fearful to insult the Maker and Sovereign of this universe!"

Moses, having made the people penitently drink the dust of their idol, prays, and pleads with God most piteously for these rebels; and the great mass of them were exempt from the fearful punishment.

Thou sayest unto me, Bring up this people, is a modest disclaimer of any merit of his own, and an appeal to God for his divine appointment in what he had done. It shows the character of the man. Good and great men are modest.

Thou hast not let me know whom thou wilt send with me, shows the feeling of Moses, that he knew not whom to trust or look to for assistance, now that the people had as a body fallen into gross idolatry. He did not fully understand who, or what, the angel was that had been promised. He felt forsaken and alone. But imploringly he looked to God, to know whether or not he is to have assistance from any of the people. When a pastor or Christian leader feels abandoned of all but his God, and all but Him are untrue, he turns alone to Heaven for help.

I know thee by name, was the divine assurance to Moses that he was known of God, trusted and called to this great mission. Still, he longed for some human companionship in such a work, though fully conscious of the divine call and support. Moses may now be supposed to be at the door of the tabernacle, pleading with God, and as a prince he prevails; he knows he has found grace in His sight.

If I have found grace in thy sight, show me thy way. On the grounds of God's personal favor to him and of his call, Moses now modestly asks to be informed what Jehovah's plans and methods are to be for leading this people into the land. All was now dark and forbidding to him, and his only reliance was on the divine arm. What a fearful responsibility was his, and how utterly destitute of all human resources of trust!

This nation is thy people. So Moses disclaims all personal and selfish interest and responsibility, but awards, as all should, to God the whole plan and interest of the work and the occasion. In all our deepest solitudes for the work of God, we should always remember that the issues are His—not ours. This should not lessen, but increase our anxiety and fidelity.

My presence shall go with thee, comprehends everything, and ought to put all trusting souls at rest. That prom-

ised Presence will provide ways and means, forestall defeats, secure victories, and bring rest. God with us, what can effectively be against us? But this reveals the occasion for faith, or trust. God will be trusted, or He will be feared. His presence was, in truth, no other than what is called (Isa. lxiii. 9) "the Angel of God's presence," who guided and saved His chosen ones, in the absence of all our present light? I will give thee rest, by subduing all thine enemies, and planting thee in the land of promise, where peace and plenty shall abound.

If thy presence go not with me, carry as not up hence, was the most rational prayer of Moses, as he takes hold on the promise; for he saw in that promise of God's presence all the hope of Israel. It is presumption and fool-hardiness to go anywhere, or attempt anything, without the favoring presence of God. Our business and family interests, with God left out, are doomed to disaster and decay. Hence they should always have prayer associated with them daily. This prayer may have been uttered before God gave the promise; and thus the promise was the answer to the prayer, as several commentators suppose who translate "for Moses had said," etc., as it would hardly seem decorous in Moses to have so urgently persisted after the promise—almost implying doubt. All Christian and devout people can now take refuge under that most gracious promise, peculiar to this dispensation: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, I am in the midst of them."

Is it not in that thou goest with us, that the people felt that we are thy people, and have found grace in thy sight? A most logical and satisfactory conclusion. God dwells as a light, a shield and a joy only with those who are His people verily and truly; and by this shall all people know that fact.

So shall we be separated, or kept distinct from all wicked and idolatrous nations. It is remarkable how these people have ever sought and preserved a separate existence from all other nations, at whatever cost. More than seven millions of the descendants of Benjamin and Judah alone can now be traced and found, scattered among, but not mixed with Gentile nations. By this means God's worship has been preserved in the earth, which would have been lost had this people melted away into idolatrous nations.

Will do this thing. . . . and I know thee by name. Easy to be entreated is God, by those whom He knows as faithful and true to Him. The matter is settled; God is reconciled, and grants all that Moses asks; His angel presence returns to them in the pillar of cloud, and henceforth we hear no more of the golden calf. "Lord, who is a God like unto thee, pardoning iniquity?"

Show me thy glory, is the fitting close of this prevailing intercession. This, too, is granted, so far as man is capable of beholding it, though, it may be, not just in the way Moses expected.

All my goodness, is the glory of the Lord. His moral perfections are the perfection of His glory. This is the most glorious, though yet only partial disclosure of God to man; and preeminently so in His stupendous and sovereign display of mercy to wicked men. Before such splendors the material universe fades away, for "I will show mercy on whom I will," or, "I will pardon sinners as I please, and no degree of guilt shall prevent; for where sin abounds, grace much more abounds."

No man shall see me and live, for He dwelleth in light that no man can approach unto. Mortal eyes cannot look on immortality, nor can the material comprehend the immaterial. All visible representations of God are only symbols of Him. In mercy He now reveals His ineffable glories from mortal sight, till we can see as we are seen, in glory.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS, Sunday, April 19. From the Notes.

- 1 Why did the Lord threaten that He would not go up with the people?
- 2 How did the people first show their alienation from God and Moses?
- 3 What does the Lord mean by saying to Moses, "thy people which thou broughtest out?"
- 4 What was Aaron's apology for his crime?
- 5 How did Moses show his heroism and moral courage?
- 6 How did he draw the dividing line between the divine and the false worshippers?
- 7 To what fearful duty did God call the sons of Levi?
- 8 How did Moses cause the people to show their penitence?
- 9 How did Moses show that it was not his own undertaking to deliver that people?
- 10 How did he show his anxiety for assistance in that great work?
- 11 How did God re-assure him?
- 12 If God favored him, what request did he make?
- 13 What human resources had Moses to aid him now?
- 14 With what feeling should the work of God be undertaken?
- 15 What is the only and all-sufficient assurance to God's workers?
- 16 How does God always give His laborers rest?
- 17 How did Moses feel about his work, with or without the divine presence?
- 18 What if God is left out of our temporal, family, and other interests?

19 How and when is He thus left out?

20 How does God dwell with those who are truly His?

21 By what means did Moses propose to keep the people separated?

22 How many of the sons of Benjamin and Judah can now be traced as a separate people?

23 How was God moved by Moses' earnest entreaty?

24 In what way, and how far, did God answer Moses' request to be shown His glory?

The Family.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY ADA A. CHAFFET.

Gentle sister, thou hast left us;
Left this world of pain and woe;
Joined the blest in heavenly mansions,
Where we know thou'rt happy now,
Clothed in robes of spotless beauty,
With a crown to deck thy brow.

Sadly here we miss thy presence
Where we met—a happy throng;
And we listen, O! how vainly,
For that sweet voice in our song;
But we know that thy freed spirit
Knows no sorrow, pain or wrong.

And we miss thee when we gather
Round the "common mercy seat;"
Miss thy voice in praise ascending
Heaven's high throne, where blest ones
Meet,
Where they chant their song of triumph,
And the Saviour's love repeat.

Round our hearts thy memory twine;
Count them then the moments dear,
When thy pure and happy spirit
Seemeth to be hovering near;
Yield the spirit which God gave,
Still shall flow affection's tear.

May the birds in early spring-time
Chant their requiem o'er thy grave;
May our hearts in meek submission
Yield the spirit which God gave,
And in grateful adoration
Trust Christ's willing power to save.

May hope's day-star still beam brightly
While in earthly courts we dwell,
That we too, with angel harp-ers,
May the heavenly anthem swell.
Till "we meet beyond the river,"
Sister spirit, fare thee well.

THE SQUIRE OF WALTON HALL.

BY DANIEL WISE, D. D.

NO ELDOURADO TO BE FOUND—SICKNESS AND A FRIEND—THE INDIAN'S SECRET.

Up the forest-girt Essequibo, past the numerous beautiful islands which dot its waters, Waterton passed on, until he reached its Falls, which he found swollen and foaming from the abundant rains of the season. Here his Indians had to carry his canoe along the shore, past the swiftest rapids, for five days, until they reached two gigantic rocks, which looked like ancient gothic towers rearing their stateful heads above the trees. His Indians passed these rocks with reverential awe. The superstitious creatures believed them to be the abodes of an evil genius!

The country back of the river now became hilly and grand, until reaching the Apourou-pourou, which he did a few hours after passing those dreaded rocks. Ascending this stream, he found the country flat and level again. After three or four days' travel upon its waters, he found himself in the land of the Macoushi Indians, the possessors of the wondrous poison secret, and the original owners of the country of Orellana's far-famed golden region. These Indians, like those on the Essequibo and Demerara, were thinly scattered over the country.

Waterton questioned them about Lake Paroma, which the Spaniard had said, washed the shores of his golden paradise. They had seen it, some of them said. It was large, and ships sailed on it. These ships spoiled the story, and convinced our hero that it was not the lake he sought, but the river Amazon which they had seen. So, after penetrating pretty well into the interior of Macoushi, he quitted his canoe and started afoot to the frontier, where the Portuguese at that time had a fort, named St. Joachim.

Here he found the country to be grand beyond description. In one place was a small plain, of which he says, "the finest park that England boasts falls far short of this delightful scene." Beyond this natural park he found a forest filled with aromatic and precious woods, and abounding with rare and beautiful birds. Then came a vast swampy savannah, or plain, where the largest bird in Guinea, the shy and wary jabiru, makes its house, and where, in place of the mosquito, he met with a small fly which was more tormenting, and "bit cruelly."

To this savanna succeeded first a hilly land, and then a vast, elevated plain, level as a bowling green, dotted with clumps of trees which looked like lovely isles in fairy land; and were bounded on one side by romantic mountains. A rivulet wandered amidst the grass, looking like a tiny stream of molten silver. It was delightful to view, but owing to flooding rains, very difficult to cross. Hence, Waterton was forced to travel close to the foot of the mountains on one of its sides.

At last he and his Indians reached a swollen creek. There was no canoe at hand. Indian ingenuity quickly built a raft of boughs and coarse grass to float the baggage. The travelers must swim. But alligators, twenty feet long, inhabited the creek. To escape them the Indians cut long sticks and examined the side of the creek, for half a mile above and below the spot to be

crossed. Finding none of the monsters there, the bravest one boldly swam over and searched the other side. No alligator is discovered. The rest of the party then swim across. Nine hours more marching takes them to the last Indian settlement before arriving at the fort of the Portuguese. Now, on looking back, Waterton saw that the plain, covered in part with water from the superabundant rains, had the appearance of a lake. He then conjectured that this might be the Lake Paroma of Orellana's fancy—a very probable supposition.

At this creek Waterton had the good fortune to find some Portuguese soldiers from the fort, just finishing the construction of a canoe. He asked the sergeant in command to conduct him to the fort.

"I dare not do it," replied the man; "but, as we have now two canoes, I will send one forward with a letter, and you can follow slowly in the other, until you get a reply from the commandant."

Our hero had no choice. "So, one of the canoes started with his letter, and he followed. But now he began to feel the effects of so much travel in the rain and over swampy ground. The rains were still falling incessantly, day and night, and he had to sleep in the wet at night, as well as to be soaked all day. It was more than his constitution, tough as it was, could endure. He fell seriously sick with fever. After four days a letter from the fort reached him. It refused permission to cross the frontier, but invited him to meet its commandant at a specified spot near it.

He was borne to this spot by his Indians. The commandant, a tall, spare man with a sun-burnt, shrivelled face, but of very affable manner, came to him as he lay in his hammock. Taking him by the wrist, and feeling his pulse, he looked tenderly in his shrunken face, and said:—

"I am sorry, sir, to see that the fever has taken such hold upon you. You shall go directly with me to the fort. My orders forbidding the admission of strangers were never intended to be put in force against a sick English gentleman."

The kind-hearted soldier then accompanied his sick guest to Fort St. Joachim. There was no medical man there, but repose, nourishment, and good nursing carried Waterton through his fever, and in six days he was on his feet again, ready for new toils and fresh adventures.

Before starting, however, he carefully questioned his intelligent host respecting the golden land and Lake Paroma. With a shrug of his shoulders, and a smile on his bronzed face, the officer replied:—

"I have been above forty years in this part of Guiana, but have never yet met with anybody who has seen the lake."

This testimony confirmed Waterton in his opinion that the Eldorado of Orellana was either a delusion of his brain, or an invention of his imagination. "Its existence," he says, "at best seems doubtful." Scarcely doubtful, we think, for if so indomitable an explorer as Waterton failed to discover it, one may safely conclude that it never existed, save in the glowing imaginations of the romantic adventurers of olden times.

His next object was to wrest from the Indians their secret of making the mysterious wourali-poison. He knew that every tribe between the Amazon and Orinoco used it; but it was made so much stronger by the Macoushi, that their fellow savages came all the way from the Rio Negro to procure it from them. They use it in hunting and in war. Whatever is wounded by an arrow that is tipped with it, so that the poison enters the blood, is sure to die, no matter in what part of the body the wound is given. It causes a speedy and painless death, and the flesh of bird or beast killed by it is unharmed. No wonder they value it very highly. It is their chief means of obtaining game, and they have never exchanged their poisoned arrows for the rifle.

It cost our naturalist one hundred and twenty days of wandering in the stateful solitudes of Guiana to find out the way in which the Indians make it, and to procure such quantities of it as he desired for his own use, and for the experiments to be made with it by medical men on his return to England. But he found both the poison and the secret, after enduring many hardships.

Would you like to learn the secret? When a Macoushi Indian wishes to prepare this wonderful poison, he goes into the forest in quest of a vine called wourali, which is the principal ingredient. Having gathered enough of this, he digs a bitter root, which he ties to the vine. He then collects two varieties of bulbous plants that yield a green, glutinous juice. These he carries on his back, and proceeds to find, first some large black ants, whose stinging produces fever, and then some little red ants, which sting like a nettle.

Supplied with these ingredients, he returns to his hut, and gathers some Indian pepper, which grows near it. He then takes the pounded fangs of two species of snake, and proceeds to make a decoction of this singular admixture of articles. When they are all boiled together into a thick brown sirup, he dips the points of his arrows into the mixture, and suspends them in the driest part of his hut. Dampness spoils the poison.

No woman or girl is ever present during this process. The shed under which it has been boiled, the pot in which it is mixed, must never be used for any other purpose; the maker must do his work fasting, must frequently

wash his face and hands, and be careful not to inhale the vapor. Thus, you see, superstition is combined with skill and knowledge in the manufacture of this terrible instrument of death. Of course, it would be just as powerful without the first, as it would without the ants and snake fangs which go into the mixture.

Waterton's expectation that this poison could be used to cure lockjaw and hydrophobia, was never met. But he had the satisfaction of having procured it, at a high cost to himself, in the interests of humanity. His object was noble, his motive praiseworthy. But though he felt below his aim, he nevertheless gratified his kindly nature by being enabled, with this poison, to kill the creatures he needed for scientific purposes, with the least possible pain.

Englewood, N. J.

THE COMING SPRING.

WARDWELL.

The coming Spring will beauty bring
For valley, hill and mountain;
The south wind's call will gladden all,
And free the fettered fountain.

The sun's advance, with fiery lance,
Will rend the hills with glory—
And o'er his tomb new life shall bloom,
And loosened streams shall murmur.

From summer lands, from golden strands,
Glad birds shall come with singing;
Unfolding flowers shall cheer the hours,
With perfumed censurs swaying.

With snowy sails, on gentle gales,
Along the sky careering,
The clouds shall sweep o'er vale and steep,
Toward far horizons steering.

Leaves that unfold will catch the gold
Showered in each opening chalice,
From fountains of light that banish night,
And build the leafy palace;

Life will awake, 'mid fern and brake,
And robe the hills with glory—
Will send its light on wings of light
O'er mountains grand and hoary.

Come to the earth! The violet's birth
Shall greet thee at thy coming,
Glad songs awake, and verdure break,
And the brown bees will humming.

The coming Spring will gladness bring,
Hope to the heart unfurling;
While flowers unfold with tints of gold,
And gentle waves are curling.

But many a heart has felt Time's dart,
Since Spring o'er earth was reigning;
And slumber deep in breathless sleep,
Beneath the Winter's plaining;

The coming Spring! on rainbow wing
Shall fill the world with beauty;
So round all will, with weird ray,
May bloom the joys of duty.

Then come, glad Spring! with music ring!
With rosy vestments trailing;
O'er shining seas, borne with the breeze,
On cloudy barges sailing!

"SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS."

BY REV. T. B. NEELY.

This book of "Knowledge from travel" is from the pen of Rev. H. Warren. This of itself will be ample recommendation among a very large circle of admirers. It is made up largely from letters written when the author was abroad, many of them being entirely new to the readers of the HERALD. But it is not a mere compilation. Much that was formerly written has been recast, and prepared for the permanent value which a book should possess. In this improved form, with valuable additions, the result of some of the author's observations are now before us.

The key to the work is given in a neat and prettily expressed introduction, in which he says he has "attempted no complete geography or universal history," but to give some "thoughts, pictures, memories and visions." With this before him, the reader starts with a fair idea of the scope of the book. It is not an elaborate treatise, but a series of sketches and observations.

The first thing that strikes the reader, as he glances over the table of contents, is the unique style of the titles of the chapters. The very first is, "One Hundred and Fifty Feet Under Water," then "One Mile and a Quarter Above Boston," and the next is "Three Miles Above the Earth." Curiosity is immediately excited. What can these singular headings mean? He examines the first, and finds that it is about Niagara, the second about Mount Washington, and the third is crossing the ocean.

Some might prefer the ordinary style of title, and have them read, Niagara, Mount Washington, and the Atlantic. There would be some ground for this preference if this book was a mere recital of travel, and a series of word pictures and mere description of places. While there are pictures, there is philosophy. The author does give vivid description, but he takes it as the medium for the conveyance of higher truth. He presents sights, that we may have insights. He describes scenery, not that the reader may merely have a collection of superficial material facts, but that through it he may reveal hidden principles which lie below the surface. Hence the title is exceedingly appropriate. It presents "sights and insights," and gives, not a mere diary, but "knowledge by travel." It combines the essay and narrative of travel, taking objects as illustrations of principles.

Agreeing with Lord Byron, that an American should not travel in foreign lands without having seen the grandest spectacle in the universe in his own country, he takes us to Niagara and down under the Falls, up to the summit of Mount Washington, then to the romantic mountains of central Pennsylvania, and over the celebrated "switchback" gravity railroad, the name of which suggests youthful memories; down into the depths of a coal mine; then, steaming across the ocean, following him in fancy, we land on the

Continent, and perceive that "you can tell where you pass boundary lines between despotism and comparatively free countries by the appearance of the country."

Beautiful Paris is revealed. Then we view the sublime and precipitous Alps. Into the very heart of the Alps we are taken, and we climb to their cloud-capped summits. But we are arrested by this title, "The Mediterranean Sea on the Alps." What does this mean? Ah! we see. The heated winds from Sahara plunge into the sea, carry off the water by evaporation, breathe their moist and fertilizing breath upon the plains of Italy, then sweeping to the summits of the Alpine mountains, the moisture is coagulated into snow and ice. This is followed by an interesting description of glaciers, and instructive remarks in regard to the glacial period. "How to make a mountain" is a description of that solitary mountain shaft, or rocky spike, called the Matterhorn, and gives a theory as to its formation. A glacial action, which grinds away huge mountains, and yet so quietly as not to topple down this remaining splinter.

Opening this "German Portfolio," we have pictures of German social life, the Rhine hills and Wiesbaden plains, the castle of Wartburg, the contrast of palaces of the nobility and hovels of the peasant, and the Cathedral of Cologne. We examine the Strasburg Cathedral, go down into the salt mine at Berchtesgaden, then to the Spugen, and we know something of journeying over an Alpine pass; down into Adelsburg Cavern, and we learn something in regard to its origin and the formation of stalactites. After experiencing the rejuvenating power of Alp-life, we descend to venerable Venice; thence we enter the Milan Cathedral. As we proceed we have an insight into the production of mosaics, and perceive that there is education by travel—that one "is only going to school, changing his studies frequently, and getting his teaching by the object method."

As we visit the churches of Rome, and study the artistic arrangements of Romanism, we learn that "art has power, but sin has more. Sin masters art, and makes it serve to decorate the place where it reveals. It is no power in man nor of man that saves, but power above man—none other nor less than the power of God." We pause to consider the conduct of the Popes, and especially pontifical nepotism, before descending into underground Rome, and in the Catacombs we behold the devoted piety of the early Christians. Reflecting upon expression by art, we discern a few of the secrets of the different schools of painting and sculpture.

After clambering to the crater of Vesuvius, classic and modern Athens are described. Glancing at Egypt, we receive the author's first impressions of Palestine, and find that they are quite familiar to the Bible student. In imagination we witness a sham Pentecost at Jerusalem, we grope among the ancient excavations under the sacred city, we study the various pilgrims from many lands, and of differing religions, and view the localities of historic and sacred interest as we journey through Syria.

This well written and entertaining work is valuable, not only for its descriptions of scenery, statuary, painting, cities, mountains, or architecture, but for the amount of knowledge, scientific and otherwise, which the author links to these, and the moral lessons he briefly draws from them, which are not infrequently thrown into succinct sentences. Thus, when speaking of great men, like Dante and Savonarola—hung yesterday, crowned to-day; sacrificed by their own generation and glorified by the present—he throws forth this gem in regard to Galileo's retraction: "No man can die for a truth of the intellect. It takes one of the heart to make martyrs."

Referring to the grand achievements of ancient Greece, he says, "with so many elements of success, so many principles of stability, such unequalled success, why ruin? Greece had too narrow an ambition, too low an ideal, too limited an inspiration. It could not carry them through an infinite series of progressions. It could wonderfully advance the race; lift it to a height never before attained; but it lacked power to rise above the earth. What it lacked, Paul came and offered them; offered an inspiration that had no limit; an ideal so high, that man may ceaselessly rise, and not exceed it; an ambition wide as the race, and that destroys all enemies by loving them into friends. This seems to me the only element lacking to Grecian progress without limit, and stability beyond peril. Then, had Christianity been added to a Grecian culture," he says, "I really believe there would have been no descending sun, no dark night of ages."

Here is another suggestive thought, closely packed. Letting us look down from an Alpine height, he says, "man is a small thing when viewed from above."

Let us conclude this brief reference by enlisting a part of his description of the Milan Cathedral: "A hundred and thirty-six lofty spires rise from the roof, each decorated with twenty-five statues, set in ornamental niche, and under decorated canopy. The eye climbs up from cusp to cusp, till it reaches the statue that is loftily perched on each airy pinnacle. And, standing there in the midst of thousands of praying and praising forms, some of angels that seem to have just alighted, others of martyrs that seem just leaving their tribulation for triumph, we can but exclaim, 'We are come to Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to the general assembly and Church of

the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to an innumerable company of angels."

This book contains that which will interest many classes of readers—the lover of description, the seeker after fact, the student of science, or the Christian moralist. The author has struck a rich vein, and presents many truths in a clear and forcible manner.

Published by the Methodist Episcopal Book Concern. The Philadelphia readers of the HERALD will find it on sale by Perkins and Higgins.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

DOLLY'S PRAYER.

"God in heaven, please to hearken
To your little Dolly's prayer!
While the preacher says the preachin',
Please to tell me where You are;

"For I am so tired of waitin'
Till the big words all are said,
And Amen, and then the music,
Till the peoples bow their head.

"I'll know the way to Jesus,
I would creep so soft along
That I wouldn't 'sturb the preacher,
Nor the prayin', nor the song;

"Then I'd run so very swiftly,
And I'd give Him a surprise;
O! I'm certain I should know Him
When He met me with His eyes.

"He would be so glad to see me
That His arms He'd open wide,
And I'd quickly climb within them;
There forever I would bide.

"God in heaven, please to hearken
To your little Dolly's prayer;
While the preacher says the preachin',
Please to show me where You are."

Tired ones, with hearts impatient,
How we echo Dolly's prayer,
"God in heaven, please to hearken,
Please to lead us where You are."

From "Thoughts."

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

AS MANAGED BY SOME HUSBANDS.

What ought, what can a mother do when a good, peaceable, law-abiding husband constantly thwarts all her efforts to teach or govern the children, and yet cannot be made to see or feel what he is doing?

Let us illustrate and sketch from memory, not imagination:—

"Mamma, please give me a piece of pie?"

"No, darling, one piece is enough."
"Half a piece, please, mamma?"
"No, Freddie, no more."

"A very little piece, mamma, dear?"
"No, Freddie, no."
"Divide the chocolate little piece! I'll risk its hurting him."

And the mother gives it.
"Mamma, may I go out and play?"
"It's very chilly, and you have cold; I don't think it is best."

"Shut me up warm, mamma, and I won't take cold."
"I fear you will. You must play indoors to-day."

"Just a little while, please, mamma?"
"No, Freddie, you must not go out to-day."

"Do let the child go out. What a girl you are making of him. Women never were fitted to bring up boys. Dress him warm, and let him run; it will do him good."

And Freddie went out.
"May I have my blocks in the parlor, mamma?"

"No, Willie, make your block house in the dining-room. Miss L. is an invalid, and I want the parlor very quiet."

"I'll be very quiet."
"You will intend to be, but you cannot help making some noise, and as Miss L. very rarely goes anywhere, I fear she will be very tired, at best; so be a very good little boy, and play in the dining-room this afternoon."

"I won't make a bit of noise, nor give her one speck."
"You must play in the dining-room, Willie, and not say any more about it."

"Nonsense; it will do her good to see a happy little face; it will give her something besides her own pains and aches to think of. Let him bring his blocks in the parlor."

And he brought them in.
"What a torment that boy has got to be! It's teaze, teaze, teaze, from morning till night. It's enough to wear out the patience of Job. If you won't whip him, I will."

And he whipped him.
Query: Who ought to be whipped?
—Mother at Home.

LOOKING YOUNG.—The disadvantages of looking young were forcibly impressed on a British matron, the mother of five children, while traveling by rail from Yorkshire to Birmingham. Arrived at Derby, she was accosted by a police detective and unceremoniously hidden to descend. Her agitated inquiries as to the meaning of this summons, met no other notice than a gruff response that she was "wanted," and the proffer of her name and address was greeted with satirical disbelief. In short, after being subjected to public indignity, put to the annoyance and expense of losing a train, and causing her friends the greatest uneasiness, she was fortunately recognized by a friend among the railway officials, in time to escape the crowding out of being locked up. Then it came out that this intelligent and zealous officer had taken her for a young girl, aged fifteen, whose elopement had been telegraphed to Derby, and whom he had been detailed to stop.

Business Notices.

Centaur Liniments

allay pain, subdue swelling, heal burns, and will cure rheumatism, sprain, and any flesh, bone or muscle ailment. The White Liniment is for family use, the Yellow Liniment is for animals. Price 60 cents; large bottles \$1.

Children Cry for Castoria.—Pleasant to take, a perfect substitute for Castor Oil, but more efficacious in regulating the stomach and bowels.

DR. E. D. SPEAR,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
713 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

To the many who need the services of an experienced, successful physician, we would say: consult Dr. E. D. Spear, so much celebrated for his remarkable cures, and you will never regret having taken this advice.

Dr. Spear may be consulted upon all diseases free of charge.

A person saved here and there, counts up at the end of the year. Buy only SILVER TIPPED Shoes and you will save dollars instead of cents. Remember this.

"NOTHING BUTTER." Cutler Bros., Boston. Dr. John Ware's celebrated VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALM, for Coughs and Consumption.

A. S. FLAGG, Dentist.
120 Tremont Street,
BOSTON.

Holloway's Ointment.—Bells, Pimples, Tumors, etc.—The most powerful and effective of all ointments, which not only cures the skin but also the system. It is a powerful purifier and even partial paralysis of the nerves. Without the harmful consequences of other ointments, it cures all the diseases which the others boast but fail to effect. Sold by all Druggists, 28 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Money Letters from March 30 to April 6.

J. M. AVANA, W. BROWN, J. A. BURMAN, J. M. CALDWELL, J. L. CHASE, C. H. COLE, J. B. CHASE, J. COLE, W. C. CHAPMAN, L. E. COLEMAN, E. DODGE, C. E. ELLIOTT, A. H. FISH, J. B. FLOWERS, A. T. GRAY, L. E. GOSNOLD, D. HOBART, J. H. HUNTER, H. H. HAYES, G. P. JOHNSON, W. T. JEWELL, A. KENDALL, L. KETTER, W. A. LANG, H. NEWCOMB, A. PUMER, A. RIDGEL, D. M. SARGENT, D. M. TRUE, W. H. WILLIAMS, J. H. WOODBURY, C. N. WEBSTER.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Rev. D. B. Randall, Cape Elizabeth Depot, Me.
Rev. Geo. W. Brewster, Danielsonville, Conn.
Chaplain H. H. Clark has been ordered to the U. S. Receiving Ship Ohio, lying at the Navy Yard in Charlestown. His address is 36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Acknowledgments.

The East Denmark, Me., M. E. Circle would gratefully acknowledge the receipt of \$20 in cash, and \$10 in cloth, etc., from Mrs. Mary Whitman, of Boston, Mass., for aid in building a church at East Denmark. We are hoping that we may hear from other former residents of Denmark in like manner. A. H. WITMAN.

Church Register.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

FALL RIVER DISTRICT—FIRST QUARTER.
April—West Duxbury, 11; South Hanson, 12; Plymouth and Chilmark, 14; East Weymouth, 15; Hingham, 16, 18, 19, 20, 21; Cohasset and Hull, 19, 20, 21. (Remainder none.)

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT—FIRST QUARTER.
April—18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. (Remainder none.)

PROVIDENCE DISTRICT—FIRST QUARTER.
April—18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. (Remainder none.)

MAINE CONFERENCE RAILROAD NOTICE.—All persons on the line of the Grand Trunk Railroad, who purpose to attend Conference at Biddeford will please send me (enclosing stamp) their name, and the name of the station where they propose to take the cars, and I will send them a certificate, which, if they present to the station agent, will entitle them to a ticket to Portland and return, at two thirds the regular fare for the round trip. Without such certificate they can have no reduction of fare. Information with reference to other railroads will be given in Heralds, or by circular.

THE NEWBORN DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will hold its next meeting at East Greenland, beginning Monday, June 1, 1874.

PROGRAMME.—Sabbath: Monday evening, John O'Hanlon, Alternate, H. H. Martin, Subject, "Spiritual Warfare." Tuesday evening, A. W. Kingsley, Alternate, James O. Dodge.

Reports of Personal Experience, and Condition of Church.

ESSAYS: 1. "Nature and Functions of Conscience," by J. Lovejoy; followed by E. S. Hayes and A. L. Deering. 2. "Scripture Exegesis of 1 Thess. v. 23, 24," by Geo. DeB. Stoddard. 3. "The Preaching Demanded by the Times," by Geo. W. Miller; followed by E. H. Bradford and John Gray. 4. "In what Sense is the Bible Inspired?" by T. B. Boutwell; followed by H. D. Robinson and E. L. Adams. 5. "The Best Method of Preparing Sermons," by Walter Elia; followed by D. L. Brown and A. W. Paige. 6. "Ministerial Courtesy," by O. O. Boston; followed by H. S. Smith and E. M. Anthony. 7. "Duties of Preachers to their Predecessors and to their Successors," by Clark Clark; followed by W. H. Ellis and Geo. E. Foster.

The programme for Wednesday evening to be arranged by the preacher in charge. The programme, in connection with each subject, is to write the essay; the others are to open the discussion. The first half hour of each session is to be devoted to devotional exercises.

A stage runs from Hartford to East Greenland every day, at 3 o'clock. It starts from American Hotel. A conveyance will be furnished from South Manchester to East Greenland, upon the arrival of the U. S. A. train, and the 2:30 P. M. train from Hartford, on Monday and Tuesday. If you cannot come on these trains, but purpose to come at all, correspond with J. O'Hanlon, East Greenland.

The preachers are invited to bring their wives.

Z. R. HAYNES, A. W. KINGSLEY, Committee.
MELLEN HOWARD.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE NOTICE.—Railroads.—Fares reduced on the following roads: Eastern; Lowell and Nashua; Fitchburg; Vermont and Massachusetts; Boston, Clinton, and Fitchburg; Boston, Barre and Gardner; Boston, Albany; and most likely the Conn. River Road will also reduce as usual.

On the Fitchburg, there will be no reduction this side of Waltham. On the Boston and Albany, no reduction east of Andover.

Persons attending the Conference will pay regular fare (NOT PACKAGE TICKETS) to Boston, and receive a return pass. C. L. EASTMAN, Charlestown, March 30, 1874.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE SEMINARY.—The Trustees of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College, are hereby notified that a special meeting of the Board will be held in the M. E. Church, Manchester, N. H., on Thursday, the 24th of April, at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, for the transaction of such business as may properly come before them.

By request, A. B. WYATT, Secretary, Tilton, N. H., April 3, 1874.

THIRD ANNUAL CANVASS OF Y. M. C. ASSOCIATIONS OF MASSACHUSETTS.—The following is the arrangement for the third week in April: Lynn, 11; Beverly, 14; Foxboro, 18; Wrentham, 19, 20.

A LADY'S CAP was found in Bromfield Street Church, after the annual meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, which the owner can have by calling at the Lady's Mission Room, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

THE EVANGELICAL MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will hold its regular meeting on Monday, April 14, at 10 o'clock A. M., in the Metropolitan Temple. Essayist: Rev. Phillips Brooks. Subject: "The True Basis of Ministerial Christian and Church Fellowship."

NOTICE.—The Monthly Meeting for the Promotion of Holiness will be held at the Pine Street M. E. Church, Monday afternoon and evening, the 14th inst. Periodical, April 8, 1874. I. G. TORRE.

THE FIRST NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT CONFERENCE for the year 1874-75, will be held at Fairhaven, Mass., in June. The exact date will be announced later by the Presiding Elder. Programme hereafter.

Marriages.

In Dighton, April 2, by Rev. S. C. Brown, D. D., Rev. Almon C. Hall to Miss Carrie E. Beard, of D. (No cards).

At the Parsonage in S. Somerset, by Rev. G. H. Landon, Rev. E. A. Boyden, of Haverhill, Mass., to Miss Fannie I. Goodrich, of Tilton, N. H.

In Greenville, March 29, by Rev. H. F. Flak, at the residence of the bride's father, Rev. George W. Everett, of G. I. April 2, at the Parsonage, John Stewart to Mrs. Susie A. Phillips, both of Littleton, Mass.

In Biddeford, March 18, by Rev. A. S. Ladd, Sam'l Dearborn, of Fryeburg, Me., to Mrs. Eunice Gros, of Saco, Me.

At Biddeford, N. H., Dec. 24, by the same, Solomon J. Hutchins, of North Benton, N. H., to Miss Jennie E. Hardy, of East Landford, N. H.

In Ashford, Conn., Feb. 24, by Rev. Otis Perrin, Thomas J. Coffey, of Putnam, Conn., to Miss Mary H. Sanger, of Woodstock.

In Seneca, N. Y., Oct. 18, by Rev. J. Noyes, Walter A. Severance to Mattie B. Sherborn, both of Seneca, N. Y.

In Harvard, Mass., March 26, Mrs. Mary G. Webster, aged 80 years and 5 months, died at her residence, aged 6 years and 6 months.

Deaths.

The secular world.

LATEST NEWS.

DOMESTIC.

Gold closed at 113 1-2.

The Agassiz Memorial fund has reached \$96,562.

The postal convention, between this country and Japan, has been ratified.

Reports of heavy rain and snow-storms come from the North and West. The snow is six inches deep in Chicago.

The time for Carl Schurz's eulogy upon Senator Sumner has been fixed for April 29, in the Music Hall.

The will of the Rev. Dr. Kirk names the more prominent Congregational societies as residuary legatees.

The Philadelphia city council has passed the \$1,000,000 centennial appropriation bill.

The barque Live Oak lost several men overboard in its last passage across the Atlantic.

The Erie strike is reported at an end. The troops have been sent away, and the cars are running nearly as usual.

The Essex County Teachers' Association held its annual session at Gloucester on Friday and Saturday last.

The American Board of Foreign Missions is in debt to the extent of \$65,000, and an earnest appeal for aid is made.

The contract for the statue of William King, first governor of Maine, has been awarded to Franklin Simmons, the well known Maine sculptor.

The peach crops of Delaware and Maryland so far have escaped damage from frost, and though yet in some danger, bid fair to yield very large crops.

The total value of exports from Boston during the week were \$436,119; and since January 1, \$8,265,383 against \$7,784,406 for the corresponding period of last year.

A committee to investigate the affairs of the Newark, N. J., city government, declares the existence of gross frauds, and recommends a convention of the people to secure a new administration.

Boss Tweed's prison apartments are elaborately fitted up, and efforts are being made to place him on a level with other thieves in that institution.

Special meetings of both branches of the City Council were held Friday evening, and an order was adopted in favor of the annexation of Brookline to Boston. A resolution opposing general annexation was laid on the table.

A series of three temperance meetings was held in Chelsea last Thursday. The ladies monopolized the afternoon. A report was made of a plan for reform work.

The President has fully expressed his views on the financial question, that a return to specie payment is the only solution of the question adapted to the necessities of the various sections and commercial interests of the country.

A whole family was found brutally murdered in Nevada. The lifeless bodies of the husband and his wife's paramour were found clinging together in a death struggle, with no living witness to the deed.

A letter from Salt Lake City, dated March 30, asserts that Brigham Young in anticipation of his final overthrow, is getting his property well in hand preparatory to his departure.

A movement has begun in New York for cheap living and co-operative homes, by which the large part of New York, gradually being deserted by merchants, may be used by those whose occupation keeps them most of the day down town.

Robert B. Elliott, one of the colored Congressmen from South Carolina, delivers the address at the Summer memorial meeting which the colored citizens of Boston will hold in Faneuil Hall, April 14, the anniversary of the death of President Lincoln.

Wendell Phillips and ex-Governor Foote, of Mississippi, recently spent an evening together at Downing's, the Washington colored restaurateur. This is the same Foote who years ago was ready to give \$10,000 for an abolitionist's scalp in his county, and who sometime would call "the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill."

The barque H. L. Gregg, from Matanzas, reports that April 2, in lat. 38, long. 73 03, she fell in with brig Novelly, Capt. Havens, of and from Boston for Cardenas, in a sinking condition. She took off the captain and crew, nineteen in number, and brought them to New York.

The United States senate on Thursday made ineffectual attempts to adjourn the next day, because of its being Good Friday. In the House a bill

was passed, requesting the President to intercede for the pardon by the British government of the American Fenian Legion. The committee on commerce was instructed to report on the expediency of legislation in regard to the Hell Gate obstructions. The Alaska fur and seal trade bill was passed.

The Senate Committee on Public Lands, Friday last, heard a delegation of Mennonites from Pennsylvania and two from Russia, asking legislation to enable 40,000 of them to settle in this country, who are obliged to emigrate from Russia prior to 1881, or else perform military service, which the tenets of their religion forbid. Senator Windom is to report a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to withdraw from public sale such large tracts as they desired to occupy within the next two years, either by homestead or pre-emption entry.

FOREIGN.

The Norwegian Anna has not been heard from since her departure from New York to Rotterdam, 47 days ago.

Reports from the famine in India show the distress to be nearly at an end.

Charles Ernest Beale, the distinguished classical scholar and member of the French assembly, is dead.

Italian statesmen are becoming alarmed at the increasing rate of emigration, and the subject has engaged the attention of Parliament. Nearly 200,000 Italians left their homes for foreign lands last year.

The Advance states that from the Sunday-school belonging to the Church of South Norwalk, Conn., since 1856, two hundred and fifty scholars have been admitted into Christian fellowship there, besides several who have united with other Churches.

M. Renan is siding strongly with the Ultramontans, and makes a show of comparing Bismarck with Louis XIV. in his treatment of Protestants. It is so far-fetched, however, that he will make no more disciples in this than in his anti-Christ endeavors.

Advices from Spain state that active operations have been resumed before Bilbao by the republican forces. A force of 600 republicans near Calaf is said to have been surprised by the enemy, and to have surrendered without fighting.

The first case in Ireland under "Mr. Parnell's Act" has just been sternly decided by a verdict which condemns two Belfast shipowners to pay a fine of £150 each, and go to prison for two months. The shipowners indicated were Peter and Thomas Quinn, of Belfast, and the vessel condemned as unseaworthy was the Nimrod, a brig of 103 tons burthen.

The indications now are, that "gentle spring" has come to stay; and consequently, house cleaning and carpet cleaning will be the order of the day for the next month. It will be necessary to replace many old carpets by new ones. We would therefore, advise all who contemplate such a course, to call on our old and tried friends, Harris, Chipman & Co., Corner Hanover and Court Sts., who keep on hand a large and varied stock at extremely low prices. See their advertisement.

Mr. Editor, Dear Sir:—Permit one who has been a subscriber for the HERALD nearly thirty years, to say, it appears to me that Rev. I. Hill has taken a novel way to build a Methodist Church at West Waterville, Me., as shown by his notice in your paper of March 26. The remedy he speaks of is good for any ailment of the throat or bowels, but Brother Hill has neglected to give your readers the full name of his medicine, which is, "Hill's Great Vegetable Remedy."

Whatever you sell in the Market or Store, it is the brains that you sell. Years of thought and months of experiment were expended upon the New Elastic Truss before it was introduced to the public. This Truss gives relief, and an order was adopted in favor of the annexation of Brookline to Boston. A resolution opposing general annexation was laid on the table.

The name "CASHMERE BOUQUET," as applied to Toilet Soaps and Perfumery, registered and patented as a trade-mark by COLGATE & CO., NEW YORK, and can be used legitimately only by them. Purchasers of the Cashmere Bouquet Soap and Handkerchief Extract will secure the genuine only when bearing the name of COLGATE & CO., NEW YORK.

Messrs. Cushman & Brooks have added to their already beautiful and extensive premises the adjoining stores, Nos. 33 & 35 Temple Place; and now offer at remarkably low prices one of the most extensive stocks of fancy dry goods ever shown in this city. Full particulars in their advertisement.

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" for Coughs, Colds, and Bronchial Affections stand first in public favor and confidence; this result has been acquired by a test of many years.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES has recently decided the suit of the Florence Sewing Machine Company against the Singer, Grover & Baker, and Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine Companies, involving over \$250,000 in favor of the Florence Co.

The attention of those in want of Bells for Churches, Schools, etc., is called to the advertisement of the Blymer Manufacturing Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Full descriptive catalogues, with prices, etc., will be sent free on application to them.

We hope all our readers will peruse the advertisement in another column headed "To Ministers," as it relates to the celebrated "Bagster Bible" invaluable to both Laymen and Clergymen as well as to those who use them with testify.

J. J. PIKE & CO., Proprietors and manufacturers of Isaac Babbitt's original Soap Powder, 126 Winchmount Street, Chelsea, Mass. P. S. Please bear in mind that ISAAC does not begin with B.

HARRIS, CHIPMAN & CO.

CHAMPAGNE ANTI-MOTH SEWED CARPET LINING

25 SOUTH ST.

At Prices which will insure an immediate Sale.

OIL CLOTHS, Everything in the Carpet line at the very lowest Prices.

MATTINGS

HARRIS, CHIPMAN & CO.

Corner Court and Hanover Sts.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

The Delicious Family Medicine.

THIS ELEGANT PREPARATION is prepared from the true Jamaica Ginger, combined with choice aromatic and genuine French brandy, and is easily superior to every other Extract of Ginger before the public—all of which are prepared with alcohol by the old process.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

Cures Colds and Chills.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

Prevents and dispels Febrile Symptoms.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

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